

## Mr. Austin's Car— And Annabel.

BY CECILY ALLEN.

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"Annabel," shouted the superintendent of the Clarendon Home For Orphans in his crisp, sharp tone, "you take these five children down to Mr. Frederick Austin's car—the man with the gray coat—no, behind you, the dull green car! Quick, now; we shan't get started till noon at this rate."

Annabel marshaled her quintet of excited, flag-carrying children and pushed them ahead of her toward the big dull green touring car.

"Is this Mr. Austin's car?" she inquired, restraining five wriggling children who just yearned to spring through the open door.

The young man who had been lounging with one hand on the steering wheel sat up at attention as Annabel's charming voice reached his ear. Every one, from the irritable, overworked superintendent to the dull witted helper in the laundry, loved Annabel's voice, and it was not remarkable that this good looking young chap in the gray coat and disfiguring goggles should think it the finest music he had ever heard. He sprang to the sidewalk and swung the children into the car, and then extended a helping hand to the slender girl in her simple shirt and suit of striped chambray, which reminded him of the deft fingered nurse who had taken care of him after his first motoring accident.

"Gee, but she is a corker! But her hair will look just like a gypsy's when we get to going some."

That was what the young man said to himself. What he said to Annabel was:

"Are you afraid to go fast? I'd like to give these kiddies the run of their life, but if we're going to do that you had best take off your hat and tie on its veil."

He whipped a long gray automobile all from a convenient hamper.

A guest left it in the car night before last. It looks quite new. Perhaps it would not mind."

"Not at all," interrupted Annabel, with a smile that he instantly decided checked her voice. Daffily she tucked that into the hamper, tied the veil over her chin in a bewitching bow, leaning back in the big car, smiled daffily at her young charges.

The young man watched the smile from behind his goggles, and when the superintendent of the asylum hurried to make sure that these, the last of his big family, were properly cared for, the young man fairly beamed on the orphanage official.

"Going to have a fine run, I imagine," he said, with a most interested expression. The superintendent glanced back in some surprise. This annual trip to Van Orden Beach, given by the automobile club for the orphans, was not without its thorns for the superintendent. Most of the owners of the machines sent their chauffeurs, who either acted bored and disagreeable or teased the children or flirted with the young women attendants. At the general greeting in the quiet, cultured voice the superintendent felt almost grateful.

"I hope it will be a good run and a pleasant day. I'm sure it is very kind of you club members to take a personal interest in the children."

The young man started to say something in reply, but the superintendent had to answer a call farther down the line. The young man turned on the power, with certain grim lines forming around his mouth, though behind the goggles his eyes twinkled.

Away went the long, flashing line of many colored automobiles and their children of shouting, hurrahing children in pink and white and blue and white checked gingham.

Annabel was so grateful that she had graduated to stripes. There had been a time when to her pink or blue checks were almost synonymous with orphan stripes; but, after all, she had added, things might have been much worse with her.

At the beach the children tumbled out of the cars and made wild rushes for the surf. Most of the chauffeurs and car owners hurried back to town or into a popular roadhouse a mile beyond Van Orden's, but Mr. Austin evidently started out to give his load of orphans the time of their lives.

He did not consider money, but one of the first things he did on the morrow, was to ask Mr. Austin himself about the young man on the wild riding ostrich, and chosen as her chauffeur. And, when they met them in the unassuming car, her eyes, as she danced, were full of pleasure, and a voice of the town andrills, oscillating between the town and the city, was heard.

At gray, the young man was a bit daffily about the car, but he did not care. When it off, he was daffily about the car, but he did not care. When it off, he was daffily about the car, but he did not care.

trip through the old mill, and then there were bags of peanuts to feed the monkeys, a forlorn group in a more forlorn cage. Each kiddie had a ride in the donkey carts, too, and a sack of salt water taffy. At noon lunch was served to the orphans by a caterer provided by the club, and after the children were seated Annabel found the watchful Mr. Austin at her elbow.

"Won't you come over to the Occidental with me? I think you'll find the cooking rather better than this."

Annabel walked away with him as in a daze. The Occidental! Why, that was where Mrs. Ashton, one of the richest patrons of the home, always spent her summers. It must be a very smart place. And what if she, the humble assistant governess from the home, should meet its rich patron face to face? Well, she would take the chance. And soon she forgot her fear in listening to the order for lunch. He seemed to know just the things she had always wanted to taste. And how polite the waiters were! Annabel touched her hair anxiously as the many young women with carefully marceled coiffures passed her table, little dreaming, she, how they envied her the saucy tendrils of hair around her piquant face.

Mr. Austin's gray car was the last to leave the beach that night, and the shadows were falling over the big city when it drew up before the orphanage. The tired superintendent came hurrying forward.

"I was afraid something happened. The others got in an hour ago."

"Just a little trouble with the spark-er, and I was afraid to push the machine, but the kiddies all fell asleep and are finely rested."

"Good night, good night! Thanks!" shouted the children as they reluctantly left the car. Mr. Austin stood hat in hand.

"Aren't you going to say good night, too, Miss Annabel?" he asked and held out his hand cordially. She never knew whether her fingers touched his or not. She only heard him say, "May I see you again some time?" and then she shook her head and turned swiftly toward the orphanage door.

She understood now! He had mistaken her for one of the lady patronesses or a settlement worker. He did not dream that all her childhood had been spent as one of these very orphans and that she had been retained on small pay as a governess.

She had read in books about girls who had suddenly met twentieth century Prince Charmings, and she had thought how wonderful such an experience must be, but today it was anything but wonderful. She was sorry she had not told him the truth. She was sorry—no, she was not sorry about the lunch nor the long, searching glances she had encountered across the table nor the sweet, slow trip home, with the sleeping children piled into the big seats behind them. But she must never, never see him again!

The orphans from the Clarendon Home were enjoying their second and last big picnic of the season, this time at the city park. They had had a May queen, though it was August, duly crowning her and showering her with small attentions. They had much ice cream and lemonade, and now the long afternoon was drawing to a drowsy finish. Annabel had helped to clean up the lunch tables, had settled her dozen childish disputes and was beginning to feel a bit flushed and tired when around the curve of the graveled road flashed a big, dull green car containing a single figure clad in a long gray coat. The car stopped; the figure leaned forward, then sprang to the ground.

"I just saw it—about the picnic—in the afternoon papers. Please come for a little run. You look as if you had been working too hard."

Annabel's lips set in firm lines. She answered quickly:

"Yes; you see I must work for my living. I am one of the helpers at the home, and I was an orphan there once. Maybe you thought—"

"I knew—at the beach. But that isn't what I came to tell you. Please come." Mechanically she stepped into the car and sat down beside him. Then he knew all the time!

The car moved off slowly. The superintendent rose from the bench where he had been resting for the first time since early morning and, shading his eyes with his hand, watched it out of sight. Then he smiled oddly and sat down again.

The man in the car had something to say, and he drew his breath sharply before he spoke.

"You misunderstood. So did the superintendent, but I told him the truth before I asked you to ride with me again. You thought I was Mr. Austin, but I'm only his chauffeur and have charge of his car while he is in Europe. I take his mother out occasionally, but most of the time there is nothing to do. It's no disgrace to be a chauffeur, but I am sorry I did not tell you the first day. I want to make and sell automobiles some day, and that is why I started as Mr. Austin's chauffeur. When he comes back I'm going into the factory where this machine was made—and—"

He stopped abruptly at sight of the girl's radiant face.

"Oh, I'm so glad—you—you are not"

Light came to the young man.

"Well, I'm glad—that you are glad," he said simply. "May I bring my mother to call on you some evening?"

"At the orphanage?" she asked falteringly.

"At the orphanage," he answered firmly. "Why, of course. I told her all about you after that day at the beach!"

The hand that was not on the steering wheel closed firmly over hers, and Annabel saw the woods and the lake through a wonderful mist that was half tears, half golden sunshine.

### Colors and the Mind.

There are good and evil effects even in colors, not only in the artistic arrangement of them to the trained eye of an artist, but in plain everyday red and blue and green, to say nothing of others. According to Medical Talk For the Home, if a person were confined in a room with purple walls, with no color but purple around him, by the end of a month he would be a raving madman. Scarlet has even worse effects. Blue is very depressing; hence "the blues." Green is quite soothing, and yellow also has good effects on the vision and spirits of most people.

### A Mistaken Diagnosis.

A Cincinnati doctor who thinks that all the ills of the human race can be traced to the drinking of coffee and tea entered a restaurant recently and seated himself opposite an Irishman who was busying himself trying to dispose of a steaming cup of coffee.

"How often do you use coffee?" queried the doctor.

"I drink it morning, noon and night, sir."

"Don't you experience a slight dizziness of the brain on retiring at night?"

"Indeed I do, sir, very frequently."

"You have a sharp pain through the temples and in and around the eyes?"

"Right you are," replied the Irishman.

"You are possessed with a drowsiness when you awake in the morning, and your head often aches and feels very heavy?"

"Right again," answered the Irishman, still sipping his coffee.

"Well, then," exclaimed the doctor, sitting erect in his chair, "aren't you now convinced that the coffee is the cause?"

"Is that so?" said the Irishman in astonishment. "Faith, I always thought it was the whisky!"—What to Eat.

### A Wasp's Mistake.

It is generally supposed that instinct unerringly teaches birds and insects the best way in which to build their homes or nests and also to provide for their offspring. The following incident will show that instinct is not always infallible:

A naturalist placed three small empty vials in an open box on a shelf in an upright position in close contact, and they were uncorked. A short time afterward it was a matter of surprise to find that these had been appropriated by a female mud wasp. She had placed a goodly number of spiders in the center vial, doubtless intended to serve as food for her future brood, then proceeded to deposit her eggs in those on either side. She next closed tightly the mouths of all the receptacles with a hard lime cement. Having finished her work, she then doubtless went on her way, satisfied all had been done for her offspring that a thoughtful mother could do. But just think of the sensations of those little wasps when they come into existence, for, while starving in their sealed cages, they can plainly see through the impenetrable glass walls the bountiful supply of food which was provided for their use.

### Facetious Testators.

Will making often affords a man an unrivaled opportunity of paying off old scores and speaking his mind without any fear of unpleasant consequences to himself.

The great Duke of Marlborough evidently could not resist the temptation of a farewell slap at his duchess when he left her "£10,000 wherewith to spoil Blenheim in her own way and £15,000 to keep clean and go to law with."

There is also a distinct note of spitefulness in this extract from the testament of a Mr. Kerr who, after declaring that he would probably have left his widow £10,000 if she had allowed him to read his evening paper in peace, adds: "But you must remember, my dear, that whenever I commenced reading you started playing and singing. You must therefore take the consequences. I leave you £1,000."

—Grand Magazine.

### Audubon's Honeymoon.

Audubon married Lucy Bakewell, daughter of an Englishman. The father of the girl regarded the naturalist as impractical and induced him to enter a commercial house in New York, but John James soon proved that he had no aptitude for trade. He busied himself with collecting specimens and let business take care of itself. His neighbors made a legal complaint against him on account of the disagreeable odor from the drying skins in his room. He and his bride spent their honeymoon on a common flatboat floating down the Ohio to Louisville. Possibly this was one of the original houseboats. A small tent, like an Indian's lodge, was pitched on the deck.

# 1908

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